

The Coming of Love.

I dreamed that love came, as the oak trees grow.
By the chance dropping of a tiny seed.
And then from moon to moon with steady speed.
Though torn by winds and chilled by heedless snow.
The sap of pulsing life would upward flow.
Till in its might the heavens themselves could read.
Portents of power that they must learn to heed.
This was my dream, the waking proved not so.
For love came like a flower and grew apace.
I saw it blossom tenderly and frail.
Till the dear spring had run its eager race.
Then the rough wind tossed high the petals red.
The seeds fell far in soil beyond my pale.
I know not now if love be lost or dead.
—Helen Hay.

A SACRIFICE.

The young man stood with his back to the fire and his hands thrust into his trouser pockets.

Mrs. Langley sat on the lounge sobbing hysterically. Her husband, Colonel Langley, strode up and down the room, angrily displacing various chairs and tables, whilst the boy's cousin, for he was not much more than a boy in years, tried to pacify the trio.

"All right, sir; go your own way; go your own way and be —" The last word was lost as the door slammed behind the irate Colonel.

"O, Ted! How can you be so foolish?" said Mrs. Langley, brokenly. "How can you dream of marrying a vulgar, uneducated dancer?"

"Mother," replied the boy, sternly. "I love Madge Baptiste, and whether she be a dancer or a duchess, a millionairess or a retired shopkeeper's daughter, it can matter to me no one but myself if I really love her."

The mother recommenced her hysterical cries. The cousin, a fair, pretty girl about his own age, went to him and rested her hand on his shoulder. "Teddy, say no more now, but come with me. Let us think the matter over calmly."

The next evening Gwendoline stole quietly from the house and drove to the theater where Madge Baptiste danced nightly.

It was dusk when she arrived. She sent up her card, telling the commissionaire that her business was urgent. He returned with the information that Miss Baptiste would see Miss Harper for a few minutes. Then she found herself in a small and dainty dressing-room. Clouds of soft, silken petticoats lay here and there. A large jar of flowers stood on the mantelpiece, and the dressing table was covered with silver powder boxes, scent bottles, and "makeup" utensils. Photographs of actors, painters, and poets stood in every available corner; old programs in wooden frames and one or two etchings hung on the walls.

Before a large mirror stood Miss Madge Baptiste arranging her hair. "Ah, come in, Miss—Harper. Excuse the untidy state of the room. I think you'll find a chair. Let me see, I don't think I have met you before—perhaps you are a journalist, or—"

"No, I haven't ever met you before," stammered Gwendoline. "I—came—I think you know my cousin, Mr. Langley." She felt her face growing red. She did not know why she blushed, but this vivacious, beautiful girl frightened her. She had expected to find such a different woman—a vulgar, ill-bred woman.

"Mr. Langley? Teddy? O, yes, I know him well. So you are his cousin? Pleased to meet you—he is not ill, I hope?"

"No, he is not ill."
"O, that's all right. Ted and I are fond of each other, you know; in fact, we think of getting married soon—at least, he thinks of it. I didn't know he had a cousin, such a pretty cousin, too!" with a laugh; "he kept that a secret."

"I really came to speak about it—about this marriage," said Gwendoline, nervously. "You know his people—"

"O!" Madge Baptiste turned sharply on regarding herself in the mirror. "O, I understand! They have heard—perhaps he told them; he said he should. They object—ah? And you?" She drew a chair opposite the girl, and sat down, and rested her arms on her knees with her face between her hands.

"I am only his cousin—we have been chums all my life. I said I would see you, and tell you that his father and mother were angry; that he was merely a boy and—"

"Yes, yes, I know—don't go on." She looked Gwendoline up and down. She saw her youth; she guessed the real reason of her visit. "Ted is a boy in years, I know, but he is a man for all that. He is 22 and I am 23. Besides, I am only a dancer, and he is Colonel Langley's son. Please understand I have no wish to marry him—if his parents object. I will tell him he must go away and not see me again. I shall miss him at first, I expect. A dancer's life is a lonely one, you know. She has so few friends, and unless she—Ah, there is the call boy. Well, good-by—and if I don't see—Teddy—again—say good-by to him for me."

But Miss Harper had risen, and was holding Madge Baptiste's hands in hers, whilst two tears ran down her cheeks. "O, don't, please! How cruel you must think me! I didn't mean to—I really didn't. But his mother was so unhappy, and I thought you were a—I mean, I didn't dream you really cared for him. He shall marry you! I know he loves you—," and then she burst out crying.

"Miss Baptiste! Curtain's waiting! Hurry up!" yelled a small youth at the door.

"Let it wait; can't come!" replied the dancer, curtly. Then in a soft gentle voice to Gwendoline, "Don't cry, dear; you have been ever so kind. I know you meant well in coming. But I don't think I had better see him again; you'll make a much better wife than I—," there was a suspicious break in her voice.

"No, no," said Gwendoline, between

her sobs, blushing violently; "I never thought of that—I only care for him as a sister," but as she said it, she realized that she lied.

"Come, dry your eyes—why, I'm beginning now! What a pretty pair we are! Poor Ted! Why, here are two nice girls each trying to make the other marry him—"

"You—you will marry him, Promise! I shall never forgive myself—if you don't. I did not know you were so good and so beautiful—"

"Why, how do you know it now? Perhaps I am only humbugging you."

"You are not—I see it in your eyes. You will marry him—won't you?"

"What will 'father and mother' say?"

"O, I'll interview them," laughed Gwen, drying her eyes.

"Even as you interviewed me? Yes, I will marry Teddy if you really wish it, but not else. I couldn't hurt such a good little thing as you."

And then both women began to cry again, holding each other's hands. The manager had to announce that Miss Madge Baptiste was unable to perform that night.

And Miss Gwendoline Harper also announced, in Colonel Langley's drawing-room, that Madge Baptiste and her cousin Ted were quite right to marry each other, and that she would help them through the ceremony.

And Ted kissed her and said she was a brick, and the Colonel hoisted the white flag.

And after it was all over, Gwendoline sat in her bedroom holding a photo of her cousin in her hand. And her tears splashed dimly on the faded portrait. "I hope she will love him—as much as I love him," she said softly.—Madame.

Seen in Canton.

There is a famous five-storied pagoda, which is practically a tower on the highest part of the city wall of Canton. At present it is unoccupied, and used mostly as a point from which tourists can obtain a good view over the city, the winding river beyond crowded with craft of every description and the White Cloud mountains in the distance. During the British occupation of Canton in 1839 this played a much less peaceful part, being used as a barracks by the British troops, who were stationed in Canton, to overawe the Chinese. It is now of special interest, as British troops have again been dispatched to Canton from Hongkong on account of disturbances caused by the taking over the newly acquired territory around Hongkong. The troops will now probably be camped on the Shamen, an island given over for European residence, and separated from the city by a canal.

The ground outside the city wall, near the pagoda, has been used by the Chinese for ages as a burial place. On lower ground is situated the celebrated "City of the Dead," where the bodies of richer Chinese lie in state before they are borne to their horseshoe-shaped graves. The expenses of this ceremony are considerable and if they cannot be defrayed the coffins are kept in pawn till redeemed by the relatives.

The examination hall of the town shows one of the peculiar features of Chinese official examinations. At stated periods would-be candidates for government employment assemble at the chief town of each district to undergo examination. These frequently number several thousands. During the examination each candidate is locked up in a separate cell, measuring about three feet by four feet, for periods of three days and upward. He has to eat, sleep and write in this confined space, with one board to use as a seat and one as a table, and is not allowed out on any pretext whatever. Food is passed in to him through a hole in the wall. Frequent cases have occurred in which candidates have died in their cells, owing to excitement and discomfort. The examination consists mostly of essays on the works and sayings of Confucius, which, if well done, are supposed to qualify a man for any possible occupation—soldier, sailor, judge—anything!

The successful students at local examinations then go for their final trial to Peking, where the same thing is gone through again. The competition is very severe and candidates frequently go up year after year, till they become quite old men. The cells number several thousands and are arranged in long rows. Soldiers are placed about the court to see that the rules are complied with.

Watching Her Calico.

At a retail establishment the proprietor got the idiotic notion that it would eliminate the weak man from the pay roll if he made a rule that no man who failed to sell to one of three customers who came in succession should be retained in the establishment. This rule was in force some time, says Tid-Bits.

One fellow, who did not intend that anybody should get ahead of him, when he found himself on the eve of losing a third customer, a lady, was obliged to do a rascally trick. She came in with ten yards of calico, a remnant which she had just bought, and she wanted a yard and a half more. She said she had been all over the town in a vain search to get it matched.

The salesman looked over all his goods and could not find anything to suit her. He began to be alarmed, when a bright idea occurred to him. He put his hand to his head as though he remembered something and said: "Well, there, I believe I've got a remnant of the very identical kind upstairs. I'll run and see."

He took her piece of calico under his arm, went upstairs, deliberately cut off a yard and a half from it and brought back the two pieces to her.

She was very much pleased at such an excellent match, and paid for the yard and a half of her own calico with great satisfaction. She appeared at the establishment next day and said somebody cheated her, but the fellow explained so plausibly to her that she must have got short measure at the place where she first bought her calico that she started for that store in high dudgeon. As he hasn't seen her since, he concludes that she must have met with some satisfaction there, but it was a risky piece of business for him just the same.

BOTH LOST THEIR BETS.

RESULT OF AN ATTEMPT AT POCKET PICKING.

The Young Man Had Been There Before and Was Not to Be Caught at His Own Game.

One of the attempts at pocket-picking during the jubilee celebration that did not go on the police records happened on the Monument grounds on the second night of the fireworks. A well-known treasury department official was making his way through the huge crowd, trying to get a line on the location of his seat, when he got into a throng so dense that he had to halt. A couple of good-looking, well-dressed young fellows stood on his left. They also seemed to be halted on their way to seats. There appeared to be no movement one way or the other, and the treasury official concluded to work his way out of the crowd sideways. He was elbowing his way to the left when he felt a tug at his watch-chain. His hand traveled to his watch-pocket instantly, and he found his watch dangling. One of the good-looking, well-dressed young fellows was right there, and he grinned pleasantly in the face of the treasury man.

"Couldn't make it stick," he said, amiably. "Just made a bet with my friend here"—indicating his companion—"that I could get your watch without your knowing anything about it. But I guess I'm too clumsy ever to make a pick-pocket."

The treasury official sized the young man up.

"Good joke, that," he said. "Now, I'll make a little bet with you myself. I'll bet you a bunch of 3-for-5 cheroots that I'll have you turned over to a cop in less than six minutes and a half by this watch you tried to pinch," and he made a sudden grab at the smiling young man.

"Good bet, and I take you—you're on!" said the young man, jumping back alertly. Then he spread out the fingers of his right hand with the thumb at his nose, dived head-foremost through a rift in the crowd, closely followed by his pal, and was out of sight in the darkness in a jiffy.

"He wins," said the treasury official, and with one hand on his watch-pocket and the other on his pocketbook, he plowed along in search of his seat.—Washington Post.

Why He Laughed.

"Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlor should get broken?" said Tommy.

"I should spank whoever did it," said Mrs. Banks, gazing severely at her little son.

"Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscle," said Tommy, gleefully. "Coz papa's broken it."—Harper's Bazar.

Tongue-Tied.

Fuddy—That was an odd predicament that Ben Thayer and Addie Moore found themselves in.

Duddy—They are deaf mutes, aren't they?

Fuddy—Yes. They clasped each other's hands at the critical moment, you know, so that he couldn't ask her to marry him, and she was unable to reply if he had.—Boston Transcript.

The Uncrowned King.

Bull—Who was that gentleman you nodded to in the hallway?

Bear—He? Oh, he's Dunbar, the millionaire.

Bull—And who was that man you shook hands with and gave a cigar in the elevator?

Bear—He? Oh, he's Muggins, the janitor.

Nearer Home.

Mrs. Hennypeck (in the midst of her reading)—I see that a man over in Smallberg has got into trouble by marrying three women.

Mr. Hennypeck (under his breath)—I know a man a good deal nearer home who got into trouble by marrying one woman.—Puck.

Weren't Going Together.

Little Girl (to visitor)—My papa's a good man. He'll go to heaven, won't he?

Visitor—Oh, yes, indeed; and are you going to heaven, too?

Little Girl—Oh, no; I'm going with mamma.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Then She Thought.

Mrs. Grimes—Mr. Gushwell was real good, wasn't he?

Relict of Departed Politician—Yes; but one thing I didn't like, what he said about Tom having filled every office in the gift of the people. Tom was no beggar; whatever he got he paid for.—Boston Transcript.

More Than He Could Stand.

"Yes," said the party who was speaking of the oldest inhabitant; "he was 104 years old and apparently in good health just before he died."

"Went off suddenly, did he?"

"Rather. He heard of a man aged 106 in the next county and the shock killed him."—Puck.

Of Different Temperament.

Misses—Bridget. I told you I wanted all the eggs for breakfast soft, and several were quite hard.

Bridget—Sure, mum, they were all in to bile the same length of time, only some of them felt the heat more than others.—Brooklyn Life.

Very Good, In Fact.

Gush—Take him all around, he's a pretty good fellow.

Rush—Yes, I have discovered that after taking him all around last night he was good enough to borrow \$5 of me just before we parted.—Cleveland Leader.

FORGOT A THING OR TWO.

Overlooked Fact of Address and Name Being Very Desirable.

She had met an old school friend for the first time in a good many years, and she was telling her husband all about it.

"We had a long talk of old boarding-school days," she said, "and we agreed to see more of each other in the future. You see, she's married, and living in the West end now, so we—"

"What's her husband's name?"

"Dear me! I forgot to ask her. Never mind, I'll find out tomorrow when I go to see her."

"What's her address?" he asked.

"Why—I don't believe I know," she faltered. "I must have forgotten to ask her. I'll have to look it up in the directory."

"Without knowing her husband's name?"

For a minute she seemed ready to give up, but you can't defeat a really resourceful woman.

"It was very thoughtless of me," she said, "but it does not make much difference, after all. I shall simply wait for her to call on me."

"You gave her your address, then?"

"I—I don't believe I did, now I come to think of it, and—and—I don't believe she knows whom I married, either. I—I—"

As she left the room she told him he was "a mean, hateful, old thing," and that appeared to be all of which she was absolutely certain at that time.—London Tid-Bits.

The Only Case.

"What is there that a man can do which a woman has been unable to accomplish?" asked Mr. Meekton's wife.

He was silent.

"Leonidas," she said severely, "I was addressing you. Is there anything a man can do that woman can not?"

"Well, Henrietta, you know that a man can manage for \$5 or \$7 to get a but fit to wear on any occasion—but that's the only case I can think of, Henrietta, wherein he possesses any advantage whatever."—Washington Star.

His Collar.

"They have made a great deal of fun of my gold collar," said Aquinaldo, "but there is one thing I desire to say."

"What is that?" inquired the Filipino interviewer.

"It doesn't extend up behind my ears like a board fence, and then turn over again so that it's neither a stand-up nor a lay-down collar, and I don't wear any foolish little red necktie with it, either."—Washington Star.

The Message.

"Tell the foe that we will never yield!" exclaimed the Filipino chieftain.

"Yes, general."

"Tell them we will fight it out if we have to work on legal holidays to do it."

"Yes, general. What then?"

"Why, then if they get down to business and offer a cash compromise, you take it quick."—Washington Star.

A Sad Disappointment.

"Come here, Johnny! I'm going to give you a nice piece of—"

"Oh, mamma, is it lemon or custard pie?"

"How dare you interrupt me, Johnny? Some here! I'm going to give a nice piece of advice."

The Same Old Story.

Mrs. Fly—What do you mean by coming home in this condition?

Mr. Fly—Couldn't help it, m' dear. I slipped and fell into a glass of beer.

—New York Journal.

Impossible.

"Yes, sor, th' byes are strolkin' for shorter hours, but it sames foolish to me."

"How long are their hours, now Larry?"

"Sixty minutes, sor, an' be dad Oi can't see how they kin make 'im any different widout changin' th' callender."

Her Experience.

"Miranda," said Biggs the other day, "how would you like to live in a nice little flat downtown?"

"I wouldn't like it at all," snapped Mrs. B. "After living with one for nearly fifteen years, I've got about all the flat experience I care for."

Proof Positive.

Miss Sprockets—Are you sure you love me for myself more than for my wealth and real estate possessions?

Mr. Wheeler—Of course I am. Why, I love you more than the ground you bike over.

He Could Wait.

"Yes, put your name on file and wait for a vacancy."

"But isn't there something I can do in the meantime?"

"Well, let's see. Oh, yes, you can be a waiter."

To Save Labor.

Uncle—Well, Tommy, my little man, what are you going to do when you grow up?

Tommy—I'm going to grow a beard.

Uncle—What for?

Tommy—To grow a beard.

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Tommy—To grow a beard.

IN AN OLD GARDEN.

Come down to that old garden of every flower we know.
When out of gates of childhood
The birds of morning blow.
And arching heaven was painted
In every drop of dew.

And you may have the lily
With all her virgin snows,
And you may have the beauty
That blushes on the rose,
But I will have the heart's-ease,
The dearest flower that blows!

Who will shall have the balsam
And store of hydnorol,
The purple of the monk's-hood
With poison in his spell;
Who will shall have sweet-william
And the canterbury-bell.

I love the breath of rosemary,
The perfume of the stock,
The proud plumage of the fleur-de-lis
The silken hollyhock;
I love the flaming poppy
And the sleepy four-o'clock.

But they say that when great angels
Fell plunging from Heaven's frown,
A spirit looking after
Lost a blossom from her crown—
I know it was the heart's-ease
Came softly floating down.

Oh, bright the honeysuckle,
And sweet his tipping crew,
The bird-wings of the columbine,
The larkspur blue as blue—
But I will take the heart's-ease
And all the rest take you!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Woman's Home Companion.

A Fraud Within a Fraud

JOHN WILD had lived for several years in Kimberley at the palmy period when sovereigns were literally as plentiful as shillings are to-day in many an English town of similar population. He had been engaged in a managerial capacity, from which he realized a fair income.

Thirty pounds a month was not considered an extravagant salary to men of a class who in this country would consider themselves well recompensed at 30 shillings a week. When he reached the fields from England he was as honest as the average clerk, and fully meant to remain so. But everybody lived "high" in those days. The clerk and the shop assistant ate, drank, dressed, smoked and otherwise recreated after a fashion which in these isles would be considered the height of folly to anyone with an income of less than £1,200 a year. Extravagant habits were everywhere engendered. Men who had previously considered bottled ale a luxury got used to dry champagne at 15 shillings per bottle.

The result was inevitable, and might have been foreshadowed. Indulgence in alcohol, except in strictest moderation, almost invariably induces some loss of self-respect, and it is not surprising that John's moral principles degenerated during his residence on the fields. Temptation to dishonesty in illicit diamond dealing lurked at almost every corner, and many erstwhile good men, in their haste to become rich, fell and are to-day leading the convict's life, among some of the vilest on earth, on the Cape Town breakwater.

John Wild had many a burst and committed many peccadilloes, but of actual crime against the law he kept aloof. Still, when he got to the end of his tether—that is, when fast living had rendered him so nervous that his occupation was gone, he experienced a pang at the sight of persons around him in the height of prosperity who had neither toiled nor spun, and who of natural ability had less than himself.

Everything, however, impelled him to leave the perilous place before he was left, like hundreds of others, completely on the rocks or Micawberizing, and with only a few pounds in his pocket, but a trifle better in health, he found himself in London again. There it was neither easy to reenter his former groove nor to adapt himself to his former surroundings.

What he was able to obtain as remuneration for his efforts seemed a pittance after the high living to which he had got accustomed on the diamond fields. He soon grew dreadfully discontented, and open to almost any opportunity that would land him back again in the glamour of fast life. That opportunity soon came.

John was just the man for whom a "syndicate" was looking. They had learned how diamonds of the value of scores—sometimes hundreds of thousands of pounds—were lodged in the miserable galvanized iron office of Kimberley diamond merchants. The latter knew well enough themselves that their tenements were no protection whatever against the midnight marauder, but they felt they could rely upon their safes, of which each had at least one of the best. And their confidence was justified, for although attempts at burglary were, despite elaborate police protection, frequent, rarely were they successful.

So the plan of the "syndicate" was to export to Kimberley a number of safes of approved pattern and with the customary kind of keys. Only of the latter the syndicate was to retain duplicates. These safes were to be sold to diamond dealers, if necessary, at a heavy discount. When these safes had got into use and had got lodged in them a good stock of the glittering gems the offices were to be raided by two experienced cracksmen sent out with the "expedition," who, with the duplicate keys, would easily make a grand haul.

John was not long in tumbling to the "plant," and he was just the man to go out as a salesman of the safes. The scheme was elaborately planned, and with six safes the "expedition" of three persons was soon en voyage. There was of course much delay in getting the heavy safes from Cape Town to Kimberley, a distance of 600 miles, the greater part of which had then to be covered by the cumbersome ox-wagon.

Once on the fields, nevertheless, John speedily essayed business. He announced in the Advertiser and Inde-

pendent a consignment of safes for sale at a low price and personally called upon likely purchasers. At the outset it appeared that the affair was going to be a frost, as nobody seemed to be inclined to purchase on any terms. After a few weeks, however, one of them was sold to a firm of diamond merchants trading as Lipinski Brothers, and outwardly in a large way of business.

The other five could not be disposed of and remained stored. All the while the trio had kept studiously aloof except at stated appointments, and maintained as respectable a deportment as was possible at the period. They now saw a way to business, and prepared for it. It was absolutely necessary to get some confederates, and luckily one of them was employed as a sort of messenger and handy man by the Lipinski firm. He was apparently a confirmed